THE MEREDITH NEWS.

An Independent Paper.

GEO. F. SANBORN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Published Every Thursday,
—AT—
Post Office Square, Meredith, N. H.

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The Meredith News.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF MEREDITH AND ADJOINING TOWNS.

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THE MEREDITH NEWS.

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If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. W. ROLLINS,
COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Meredith, N. H.

L. L. WILSON,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
ASHLAND, N. H.
Branch office at Meredith in Beede's Block. Office open Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
30-3m

GEORGE SANBORN,
Physician and Surgeon,
Meredith, N. H.

N. C. NUTTING,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in residence on Main Street, opposite the School-house.
5-20-6m MEREDITH, N. H.

F. E. KITTREDGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
CENTRE HARBOR, N. H.
21-1-in-tf

CUSHING & HOADLEY,
DENTISTS,
Prescott's Block, Up Stairs, Meredith, N. H. Dr. Cushing will be at the office Thursday of each week.
E. B. Cushing, F.D.S. Geo. H. Hoadley, D.D.S.
5-43-tf

L. HARTSHORN & SON,
Carriage and Sign Painters,
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PAINTER,
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Pianos For Sale and To Let.
I can furnish Pianos of all grades and styles, either on lease or sale, on the most satisfactory terms. Address, Meredith, N. H.

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Estimates on all kinds of work in my line furnished on application.
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Estimates cheerfully furnished.
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Brick, Hair, Lime and Cement, on hand and for sale.
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E. H. MALOON & CO.,
HORSE & OX SHOERS,
Carriage Ironers, and Blacksmiths
—AND—
WHEELWRIGHTS.
Meredith, N. H.

J. U. FARNHAM,
MARBLE * WORKER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Monuments, Gravestones, Mantles, Marble Shelves, etc.
Opp. Town Hall, PLYMOUTH, N. H.
Residence opposite Waukewan St., Meredith, N.H.
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[illegible] the place [illegible] nected with the Mill House.

six cents for postage, and receive free, a box of [illegible] goods

—Mr. John P. Kendrick is improving the condition of his residence on Pleasant St. by necessary repairs.

—The stable of Mr. C. S. Wiggin in the rear of his drug store, is being newly clapboarded, and otherwise repaired.

—Rev. G. H. Pinkham, at one time pastor of the church at Meredith Centre, died in Lewiston, Me., last week.

—Mrs. E. S. Elliott has two or three dozen Gladiolus Bulbs for sale, at 20 cents a double bulb, bright scarlet in color.

—Don't fail to read our Grand Offer in another column. It is a grand one indeed, and worthy the attention of every enterprising lady or gentleman.

—The recent rains have given to the grass and other vegetation a visible start that maketh the heart of the tiller of the soil abound with gladness.

—Mr. Chet. Mason has two pups whose combined weight when thirty-six hours old was but 4 1-2 ounces, and five ounces when forty-eight hours old.

—Just received Soft Checkerberry

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COD LIVER OIL NO GOOD.

Physicians Discontinuing It.

(From the Buffalo, N. Y. News.)

Experience has shown that cod liver oil has no nutritive power, and, besides this negative character, the accumulation of fatty matter which follows its use deranges the alimentary canal. Any kind of oil is trying to the stomach. Even when the system is in a healthy condition, and how much more must it be when the digestive organs are weak, and are dosed with something of the most unpalatable character. The quantity of cod liver oil which is ordered to be taken daily, is always in excess of the capacity for digestion and absorption, and injurious results naturally follow. In fact we would hear of more cases in which serious harm has been caused by cod liver oil were it not that in order to swallow it, the patient mixes it with whiskey, and the alcohol thus taken neutralizes the evil done by the oil. It is a fact laid down by all chemists and scientists that nothing will restore a disordered system or promote digestion, which has been impaired, quicker or more effectively than alcohol and as this is what medical men aim at in their treatment of the sick, it follows that they are now largely prescribing simply a pure whisky and discontinuing the use of cod liver oil entirely. None of these so-called cod liver oils pretend to have more than 50 per cent., and some of them only 20 per cent. of pure oil. Some of it is Shark Oil, which has been found to have no medicinal effects, in fact, it is found worse than the cod liver oil. Two ounces of alcohol contains more nutriment than is found in twelve ounces of lean meat, besides it is the only medicinal article that enters the blood direct, without any digestive effort on the part of the stomach, while cod liver oil is so indigestible as to necessitate the employment of other agents to aid its assimilation, and, as a consequence, leaves the stomach, which of a consumptive patient is always weak, in a weaker condition than ever. As stated, whiskey is now the recognized treatment for consumption, but let the patients be careful to see that the whiskey they use is absolutely pure and free from fusel oil, and made from malt, such as Duffy's pure malt whiskey, which latter is the only whiskey that combines a food quality with a stimulant.

A Remedy for Lung Diseases.

Dr. Robert Newton, late President of the Electric College, of the city of New York, used Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam very extensively in his practice as many of his patients can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy in all cases of lung diseases. It cures Consumption and has no equal for all pectoral complaints.

AGENTS WANTED.

[illegible] Salesmen wanted immediately. Good wages, steady work. Outfit free. Address J. Austin Shaw, Nurseryman and Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.

BONANZA FOR AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN. Quick Sales; 100 per cent. profit, no capital required. Address Saunders & Co., [illegible] Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

SEND 50 CTS. for three months' subscription to THE XVIth AMENDMENT, an 8-page, red hot prohibition paper, and you will get FREE a Fountain Penholder worth [illegible]. A. Anderson, Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—Agents to sell the Best & Cheapest Steam Cooker. [illegible] Steam Cooker Co., Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS [illegible], profitable & permanent [illegible] pays $35 to $100 a month [illegible] Rochester, N. Y.

15 EXTRA [illegible] NAME CARDS, 10 cents [illegible] C. L. Reed & Co., [illegible] N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—Men and Women [illegible] SWEDISH INSECT POWDER [illegible] Ants, Lice, Fleas, Moths, Roaches, Flies, Mosquitoes, and all Insect Vermin. Big Money for Live Agents [illegible] for 25 cents. [illegible] SWEDISH INSECT POWDER CO., [illegible]

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

1,001 Important things you never knew or thought of about the human body and its curious organs; How life is perpetuated, health saved, disease induced; How to avoid pitfalls of ignorance and indiscretion; How to apply Home-Cure to all forms of disease; How to cure Croup, Old Eyes, Rupture, Phimosis, etc.; [illegible]

SEND FOR [illegible] FREE RED, WHITE AND BLUE PAMPHLET. [illegible] New York.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE.

The most Powerful Healing Ointment ever Discovered.

Henry's Carbolic Salve cures Sores.
Henry's Carbolic Salve allays Burns.
Henry's Carbolic Salve heals Pimples.
Henry's Carbolic Salve cures Piles.
Henry's Carbolic Salve heals Cuts.
Ask for Henry's—Take No Other.

Price 25 cts.—Mail pr. paid 30 cts.
JOHN F. HENRY & CO., New York.
Write for Illustrated Book.

[illegible] spoons, pair large spoons, silver ladle, butter knife, salt and pepper castor, three large and elegant vases, parlor lamp, toilet set and oil painting from Mass. friends; set of crockery, silver butter dish, silver castor, berry spoon, oyster ladle and pie knife, doz. silver fruit knives and nut picks, pair dessert spoons, glass pitcher and glasses, two China plates, oil painting, clock, table linen, towels, tidies, and numerous fancy articles from friends in N. H.

A PUBLIC BENEDICTION. How to laundry linen as it is done in Troy, N. Y., has been kept a secret long enough; it can and should be done in every family. THE ELASTIC STARCH is the only starch in the United States that is put up by men who have a practical knowledge of the laundry profession. It requires no cooking, keeps the iron from sticking and linen from blistering while ironing, and gives shirts, cuffs and collars that stiffness and beautiful polish they have when new, which, everybody knows keeps them clean twice as long. Beware of imitations. See that the name J. C. HUBINGER & BRO., New Haven, Conn., is on every package. 33

THE SOUTHERN GIRL.

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Her dimpled cheeks are pale;
She's a lily of the vale,
Not a rose.
In muslin or a lawn
She is fairer than the dawn
To her beaux.

Her boots are slim and neat;
She is vain about her feet,
It is said.
She amputates her r's,
But her eyes are like the stars
Overhead.

On a balcony at night
With a fleecy cloud of white
Round her hair;
Her grace, ah! who could paint?
She would fascinate a saint,
I declare.

'Tis a matter of regret
She's a bit of a coquette
Whom I sing:
On her cruel path she goes
With a half a dozen beaux
To her string.

But let all that pass by,
And her maiden moments fly
Dew empearled:
When she marries, on my life,
She will make the dearest wife
In the world.
—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE MASKED BALL.

By Maria Howard.

In one of the broadest streets of the City of Mexico stood, many years ago, a fine, large old house. Over the portal was the coat-of-arms, of the noble family of Verano. Through the delicate iron scroll-work of the gates might be seen a large "patio," or courtyard, with a fountain playing in the middle, and beautiful flowers growing all around. For many years but few visitors were allowed to enter, for the master of the house was old and feeble, and saw hardly any one but the priest and the doctor.

There was one bright thing in that dreary house and that was the old Count's grand-daughter. She was 16 years old and as pretty and sweet a little fairy as ever was seen in the City of Mexico. She was the life of the house, and there was not a creature in it from the solemn old major-domo to the groom in the stable, but would willingly have died for the little Countess Teresita de Verano. She was small, slight, and agile, with tiny hands and feet. Her head was beautifully set upon her shoulders, and her great black eyes made a curious contrast to the masses of rich brown hair coiled round and round the small head. Her mother had been a beauty, and had died when she was born. Her father lived with the old Count in the dreary old palace. But nothing could sadden Teresita's spirits. Her laugh was like a peal of bells, and she had sweet, coaxing ways. Her father was a man of refinement and taste, and adored his little daughter, all the more that she resembled in many ways the mother whom he had loved so dearly.

At last the old Count de Verano died, and his son lived quietly with his daughter in the dreary old palace. The term of mourning having expired, the whole city was excited by the news that the Count de Verano was going to give a masked ball, to introduce Teresita into society.

Many years had passed since his old friends had crossed the threshhold, and great was the curiosity of those who were fortunate to be invited. The house was said to be haunted, and all were anxious to see what the old palace looked like inside. The evening came, and the old palace was brilliant with a thousand lights. The rooms were hung with choice old tapestries, and the silver and gold chandeliers sparkled with lights and reflected a thousand different colors. The walls were hung with old armor, and the broad marble stair-cases were thronged with people dressed in dominos and masks. The guests were more or less startled, therefore, at meeting a man dressed entirely in armor, with visor down, who wore neither domino or mask. He seemed to know no one, and was always alone. The clanking of his armor and sword could be heard a long way off; and as he came near, people stepped aside, so chilly did the air become as he strode past.

It had been arranged between the Count and his daughter that they themselves should not wear dominoes and masks. Teresita looked very lovely in her white gauzy draperies, and had no lack of partners for the dances. Her simplicity and gaiety charmed all hearts, and her father's heart swelled when he heard his darling praised.

The only thing that marred the general enjoyment was the entrance from time to time of the man in armor. He walked straight through the rooms, and the conversation and merriment died away as he passed. People wondered in whispers who the strange knight might be. Some suggested that the house was haunted, and that perhaps this was the ghost. In short,

postponed until the next fair night, which by present indications may be a week hence.

The hot air engine used at the station for pumping purposes has been thoroughly overhauled by Mechanic Clough, and now the heart-rending ker-chunk-ter-ker-chunk of the exhaust can be heard far and near, which is a sure forerunner that the travel season is expected.

Lake Village.

Mr. Miron Gray, mentioned recently in these items as being very sick, is dead and buried.

A young son of engineer George Thyng is quite sick with diptheria, and several cases are reported at Laconia.

Charles S. Lovett recently speared a six-pound eel in Jewett brook. There was a serious doubt for several minutes which was boss, but after a series of pull-hauling Mr. eel was landed on terra-firma.

Niagara Engine Co., No. 1, will sell May 22d at auction the following useful articles, which are in first-class condition: 87 yards carpets,

gers," she said, laughing. "Perhaps he is mad, poor thing!"

Don Jayme could neither see nor hear the knight in armor, but he had heard enough of the ghost in his boyhood to remember that those whose attention the ghost wished to attract were the very persons who were both blind and deaf to him. As soon as he could leave his guests unnoticed he made his way to the room of Juan, the old major-domo of the house [illegible] was a baby, and to him the ghost was an old acquaintance.

For the first time in his life, poor Juan appeared frightened. His lips were white and trembling, and his eyes were starting out of their sockets. When his master entered the room he held up both hands, and said, in a frightened whisper:

"Why, what is the ghost walking for? You have doubtless seen him."

"No, Juan, I can neither see or hear him: but the senorita has done so, and all the guests."

Old Juan fell back in his chair with a groan.

"You must have heard him, Senor Count. He is coming along the passage now. Can't you hear his armor clashing and his sword clanking over the stones! He is in the doorway. Can't you see him?" Juan saw that he was making a great effort, and groaned again:

"No," said Don Jayme, after a few minutes' pause; "I can hear and see nothing!"

"Oh, Dios!" cried poor Juan. "Come into the hall and see if all the armor is there."

They went together. Almost at the end of the hall one complete suit of armor was missing! They looked at each other. Don Jayme's face was as white as Juan's, and he whispered:

"What does it mean?"

"It means misfortune," replied Juan. "There! He is coming toward us again. Surely you see him now, senor?"

"No," replied Don Jayme; "I see nothing."

"He is making noise enough to wake the dead," muttered Juan to himself.

Meanwhile the guests were beginning to feel uncomfortable. The small hours had begun, and who could tell how many more ghosts might be seen that night. They moved about uneasily, and made inquiries for the host. Teresita did her best to amuse them, and begged them to stay for a few more dances. Her efforts were unavailing, however, and she sent a servant to find her father.

Don Jayme, the moment that he had seen the last of his guests, returned to Juan, with whom he remained in consultation.

Teresita sat alone in the drawing-room where she had that evening had so much enjoyment. She wondered where her father was, and he had turned so pale and had not answered when she pointed out to him the knight coming into the room. She was not at all tired and could joyfully have gone on dancing two hours longer. She saw herself reflected in a long pier-glass and rose and stood admiring herself for some time. She looked almost as fresh as when the evening began. At last she began humming a gay air while her feet kept time to the music. She danced to her own reflection in the glass till she was tired and then sunk on a sofa. She wondered why no one had come to put out the lights and shut up the house. She listened, but could hear no sound of any one stirring except the tramp and clatter of the knight in armor as he made his rounds.

The servants were too frightened to move from the kitchen, and Don Jayme and Juan were talking together in the major-domo's room. Juan confessed to feeling alarm. He said he had been told by his late master that the ghost had walked when Don Jayme's grandfather was away fighting in the wars. The ghost appeared for two days and three nights in that very same suit of mail. At the end of three days news came that Don Andres had been slain in battle, and the ghost had disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

Just then Teresita, who had been hunting all over the house for her father, opened the door, and seeing him, she immediately began talking about the ball and the guests, and finally about the man in armor.

"I think he must be tired by this time," she said, "for he has been walking four whole hours. But I do not hear him now, and although I have been all over the house to find you, I have neither seen nor heard him."

All this excitement has tired Don Jayme very much.

"Let us have a glass of wine," he said, "and refresh ourselves before we go to bed:" and he led the way to the dining-room. Juan poured his master a glass of wine and then retired.

Teresita joined her father in the diningroom almost directly after Juan had left him. He was sitting in his usual chair at the head of the table, holding his half-empty glass in his hand, which was resting on the table. Behind his chair, erect and immovable, stood the knight in

function of the body. Sold by all druggists.

A Great Victory

A Terrible Case of Scrofula Cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"In the winter of 1879 I was attacked with Scrofula in one of the most aggravating forms. At one time I had no less than thirteen large abscesses over and around my neck and throat, continually exuding an offensive mass of bloody matter disgusting to behold, and almost intolerable to endure. It is impossible to fully describe my sufferings, as the case was complicated with Chronic Catarrh. After three years of misery, having been treated by three physicians, I was worse than ever. Finally, on the recommendation of W. J. Huntley, druggist, of Lockport, I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. And now, after having taken twelve bottles, within the last twelve months, the scrofulous eruptions have entirely ceased, and the abscesses have all disappeared, except the unsightly scars, which are daily becoming 'smaller by degrees, and beautifully less.' I do not know what it may have done for others, but I do know that in my case, Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved an effective specific indeed. As an evidence of my gratitude I send these facts unsolicited, and I am ready to verify the authenticity of this cure, by personal correspondence with any one who doubts it." CHARLES A. ROBERTS, East Wilson, N. Y.

This statement is confirmed by W. J. Huntley, druggist, of Lockport, N. Y., who calls the cure *a great victory* for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Send for book giving statements of many cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING.

The [illegible] of the Past and the Present—Curious Facts.

A [illegible] camp nowadays, while it is a che[illegible] and hospitable place to visit, is vast[illegible] different from what it was in our gran[illegible]'s days. There is no more boxing [illegible] The elder tube has disappeared. The insect-capturing and refuse-collecting trough is never found in the [illegible] sugar bush. The primitive [illegible] crane, and sooty kettle are no more. Now a small metal spile driven into the trees conducts the sap into tightly covered tin buckets made for the purpose. There are no insects or dirt to be fished out of the sap, which looks, in the brightly polished receptacles, like the most transparent water, without so much as a speck in it. The crane and kettle have been replaced by the enclosed furnace and the enclosed evaporating pan. The latter is a broad, shallow pan, built in an arched brick or stone furnace, which is sheltered by a close building. The sap is turned in at one end of the evaporator, and follows devious furrows and passage-ways in the bottom of the pan.

By the time the sap reaches the further end, after its winding course, the sugar has been deposited, and the sap flows out of the pan as syrup. When this cools it is strained, beaten eggs and milk are added to it, and it is placed in the pan again. The heat in the furnace is gradually increased. The eggs and milk thicken, and collect all impurities separated by the heat, and rise to the surface, where they are all readily removed in a body. When this syrup runs off the sugaring-off process is completed. The sugar is placed in moulds, the syrup in bottles, and they are ready for market. Many curious things about sap have been discovered by sugar makers. For the sap to run freely there must be well mingled conditions of heat, cold and light. A still, dry, yet dense atmosphere, with a north or west wind, is the best for sap running. When the ground thaws during the day and freezes at night, and there is plenty of snow in the woods, "sap weather" is the best. Sap runs better when the air is highly oxygenized. A heavy snow storm during the sap season, followed by a freeze, and then a thaw, will make the owner of a sugar bush happy. A few trees will produce as much sap as a good many. This anomaly is explained by the curious fact that trees standing close together divide the aggregate flow made possible by the extent of soil they cover, which aggregate would be as great if there were half as many trees draining the spot. Night sap, or sap that runs at night, will make more sugar than the same quantity yielded during the day. Sap is also heavier with saccharine matter when caught immediately before or just after a snow storm or a freeze up. A tree tapped high will give better sap than one [illegible] low tap, and a tap on the south side [illegible] causes a larger yield than a tap [illegible] north side.

No Light in the Window.

[illegible] Chicago Herald man relates the following touching incident of every day life: [illegible] the train sped along in the night, [illegible] drowsy passengers outstretched upon [illegible] seats, the conductor was observed [illegible]ently peering out of the frosty window into the darkness. The night was [illegible], and nothing could be seen but a [illegible] of snow over the shadowy landscape, and yet the conductor shaded his [illegible] with his two hands and held his face [illegible] weary-looking face it was, too—close [illegible] the window pane.

"Looking to see if your girl is awake yet?" inquired the inquisitive passenger, with a coarse laugh.

The conductor looked around and shuddered as with husky voice he replied simply:

"Yes."

And then the inquisitive passenger became garrulous and familiar. He sat down beside the conductor and poked him [illegible] the ribs as he lightly said:

"Ah, I see. Going to get married and quit the road. Going to marry a farmer's daughter. Worth much?"

"She's worth a million to me."

Further remarks in a similar vein did the passenger make, but the conductor deigned no more replies. Suddenly the whistle of the locomotive gave a long, low [illegible], the conductor stuck his eyes still closer to the window, seemed to fasten his gaze upon some object in the darkness, and then fell back in his seat with [illegible] cry of despair upon his lips.

The passengers gathered around to inquire the nature of the trouble, when the brakeman assisted his chief to rise and led him into the baggage car. The conductor's face was as white as the snow banks which fringed the iron roadway, [illegible] his eye was a look of tearless grief.

"Poor Sam," said the brakeman upon [illegible] return, "it's a sad night for him. [illegible] weeks his little girl had been ill. [illegible] after night he was at her bed, but [illegible] got better and he came back to [illegible]. He arranged with his wife that [illegible] was well with the little one she'd [illegible] a lighted lamp right in the window [illegible] sick room. The boys all knew [illegible] almost as eagerly as Sam himself. [illegible] lives by the side of the track back [illegible] a few miles—and to-night there was [illegible] light in the window for Sam."

Plymouth Pulpit Paragraphs

[illegible] China sits supine, hidebound and home-keeping; but the time will come when she will sit in the legislature of the world, and will give law and policy, and her light will shine from the rising of the sun till the going down of the same.

Contempt is one of those Christian graces that is very largely cultivated; and the universal contempt with which men look on those that are not like them, [illegible] of them, that are of a different race and language, and of a different genius, is one the world's depravities.

A man without a vote in America is a mere toad—nothing: but put a vote in his hand and all men bow down to him as if he were a King.

There are a great many persons yet living in this world who suppose that they will sit on the throne in heaven; whereas they will not be even paving stones there: for the last shall be first, and the first last.

In the last 300 years knowledge has advanced more, and the intellect has been more productive, than in the 3,000 preceding years.

Science has, one might say, unpacked the world; for the world has been like a [illegible] trunk, with all sorts of things, beauty and worthiness in it; and science has picked the lock, and opened the lid, and is gradually taking out the contents.

Very Much Alike.

"So, Major, your son has gone into the carpet business, has he? I should think it would be an awfully interesting occupation, and so profitable, too."

"Oh, it's not so profitable as it was once. You see, Miss Ethel, prices are very much like your dress—cut away, way down, but then of course, as you say, it is very interesting."

Bits of Advice.

Aunt Marjorie Precept contributes the following on "Companions" to Harper's Young People: A boy is known by the company he keeps. You are judged by your associates, for the very good reason that people usually select for their friends those who are in sympathy with themselves.

If suspicion in a school trouble of any sort falls upon a lad or a set of lads, you may be certain that they have been companions in mischief.

Wrong doing is much like a snow-ball rolling down-hill; it gathers size and momentum as it goes. If a bad boy could always keep good company, few persons would credit him with badness. But a bad boy would be ill at ease among the good, and so you seldom find him in their society.

May your Aunt Marjorie explain that she is not one of those tiresome people who never have patience with fun, and who consider high spirits and merriment out of place? Indeed, no. When there is a frolic going on, count me in, if you please. Under the head of badness, I include the meanness which makes a boy tell a lie rather than own that he has been in the wrong; the malice which prompts him to play a practical joke, and the lack of principle which borrows and does not return.

There are diseases which are contagious, that is, communicated by the touch. We are very careful not to put ourselves in their way. The worst disease in the world which affects only the body is, however, to be preferred to a wrong condition of the soul, and the best way to keep out of that is to choose good companions and avoid bad ones.

Malinda Accounts For It.

A lady in Mississippi, while on a visit last spring to New Orleans, purchased "a setting" of Pekin duck eggs, and shortly after her return to her country home, placed them under a hen. A week later, seeing the hen feeding in the yard, she went to the nest to see if the eggs were all right and was somewhat surprised to find the eggs much whiter and smaller than she had supposed they were.

Two weeks later the hen came off the nest followed by ten chicks. This nonplussed the old lady, and she was not at all sparing of her bitter comments on the "dishonest poultryman in New Orleans," who had "practiced such a 'fraud'" on her.

A week later her cook told her of a singular circumstance that had just happened "down ter der quarters," how "Aunt Malinda" had "set a lot of hen's eggs and they had hatched out ducks." The lady started forthwith to the quarters, when, sure enough, she found "Aunt Malinda" and the brood of web-feet. The old darky had a marvellous story to tell, and professed to be greatly [illegible] when her mistress related her venture with her duck eggs.

"How do you account for it, Aunt Malinda?" asked the lady.

"Well, Miss Mary, der ways of Providence is numerous and past findin' out. Yer know chile, der Bible teaches us dat nuffin's onpossible wid God."

A Word on Handwriting.

"Writes badly, does he?" Oh, that doesn't matter; I've generally found that boys who could write well were little good at anything else."

So spoke the head master of a large public school, when discussing the penmanship of a favorite pupil, who was a prodigy in the matter of Latin verses and Greek roots, but whose writing would have been unworthy of a small boy in a preparatory school. What with letters of all shapes and sizes, some sloping to the right, some tumbling over one another to the left—his exercises looked very much as though a spider had contrived to fall into the ink-pot, and then crawled over a sheet of paper until he had got rid of the ink that covered his body and legs. And with the head master's dictum to encourage him in his carelessness, it is no wonder that matters did not improve as the boy passed from school to college, from college to professionalism. He had been taught to consider bad writing a sign of genius, and the result was, he wrote plenty of clever letters and essays which no one but himself could decipher.

And is not this typical of hundreds and thousands of cases at the present day? Partly because handwriting is not taught so carefully and industriously as in by-gone times, partly because of the headlong speed which characterizes most of our daily transactions, whether in private or public life, there seems to be some fear lest penmanship may become almost as much a lost art as letter writing.—[Cassell's Magazine.

Interesting Personal Statistics

The New York Nation give some interesting figures showing the age at which men of real ability are likely to manifest their force. When the civil war broke out in 1861, Lincoln, Hamlin, and Andrew Johnson were each 52 years old; Fremont and Douglas were each 48; Seward was 60; Chase, 53; Cameron, 62; Stanton, 46; Greeley and Sumner, each 50; Wilson, 49; Fessenden, 55; Trumbull, 48; Wade, 61; "Thad" Stevens, 69; Banks, 45; Hendricks, 42; Curtin, 44; John Sherman, Morton, and Colfax, each 38; Grant, 39; Tecumseh Sherman, 41; McClellan, 34; Hancock, 37; Sheridan, 30; Seymour, 51; Tilden, 47; Hayes, 38; Garfield, 29; Logan, 35; Lamar, 36. Here are thirty-three men, then prominent in politics or destined to prominence in the field, of whom a full third had completed their 50th year. Even cutting down the figures by introduction in the list of the few younger men who did not become prominent at once, the average is about 46 years. In America from 45 to, say, 60, is the time when most men make their record.

Death of a Monster Eel.

An English contemporary, Land and Water, remarks that a fine conger eel, measuring five feet in length, has lately expired at the South Kensington aquarium. It was caught two years ago off Brighton, and occasioned its captors considerable trouble and anxiety in bringing it safely to London. On examination its ovary was found to be full of spawn, and its abdomen revealed a miscellaneous collection of indigestible articles dropped by chance into its habitat. The voracity of this eel was certainly abnormal, considering the artificial nature of its existence, for on several occasions when requiring an extra meal, it would devour one of its confreres, washing down the appetizing morsel with shingle.

The Great Commoner.

Mr. Gladstone, it is said, rarely writes anything with his own hand, his gift of spontaneous composition, like Mr. Lowe's, amounting to improvisation. His treatise upon the Greek drama was dictated from a few notes to a staff of shorthand writers, who paid the right honorable gentleman a visit every morning for a couple of hours, and took turns as they do in the "gallery," passing their manuscript to the printer at the end of the day.

DOLLY.

We were schoolfellows, Dolly and I,
At a little dame school in the town close by;
I carried her books, and she held my hand—
Two innocent children of God's own band,
We would marry when we grew up, we said,
Grave plans for the time to come we laid—
A small boy I and a wee girl she,
In those bygone days—ah me! ah me!

We grew—we were married—Dolly and I,
At the quaint old church in the town close by;
The farm was purchased, the fees were paid—
"What a[illegible] the young couple!" the neighbors said,
And so w[illegible] till the winds blew bleak,
And chilled the roses on Dolly's cheek,
Like the waning tide of a waveless sea,
Her life ebbed gently—ah me! ah me!

If you want to know why I ofttimes sigh,
You must come with me to the town close by;
You must see the church where our vows were said,
And the mound that covers the restful dead.
For my love is sleeping the quiet sleep
That the shepherd gives to his wearied sheep—
And the world is not what it used to be,
Ere its sunlight faded for her and me.

BREAKING THE BRONCHO.

A [illegible] Sketch of one of the Duties of a Cowboy.

About the 10th of May the foreman of a cow outfit is in the nearest town, hiring his men and loading a freight team with provisions. The men go out to the ranch with him, and two or three days before the round up, which is usually in the latter half of May, the horses are mustered and divided among the men. The ponies that have been running on the range through the winter are thrown in with whatever fresh colts the outfit has purchased, and the men all proceed to the corral. The boss first attends to the riders who were with him the year before.

"Tex, what did you ride?"

"Coon, Scurro, Pete, Loco, Gotch, Paddy; all there is here. Red Cloud was sold with the culls and Jaybird ain't been found yet."

"Well, throw your tug on that glass-eyed pinto next to the bars there, and I'll give you an old un too."

While the boss goes on assigning the horses Tex coils up his riata, a rope of plaited raw-hide as large as your finger and from fifty to eighty feet long. On the end of this is worked a "hondoo," or a small ring of raw-hide, through which the rope is doubled, and he pulls enough slack through it to make a loop fifteen or twenty feet in circumference. Holding the coil in his left hand, he grasps the rope just outside the loop and holds it in his right hand, doubled back on the loop. Then he throws the loop out behind him and shouts to the colt, who makes a dash along the side of the corral. As he passes Tex throws the loop overhand and jerks it taut as it falls over the pony's head. The frightened colt runs to the end of the rope at full speed, and meanwhile Tex crouches on the ground, with his weight thrown back on the rope. The pony "changes ends" with a jerk that almost breaks his neck, and then Tex runs up to him slack and starts him again, and after the performance has been gone [illegible] not to "run on a rope," and the first step toward his education is accomplished. He is then named. This is a subject for debate, and Tex finally decides on "Streaks" as appropriate for a "paint" or piebold horse. Streaks is lead out of the corral and while one of the other boys holds the rope, Tex takes another rope, and as the pony runs past him, snares his fore feet and throws him on the ground. This second rope is passed to another man, who holds it so that the pony is powerless.

Blanket and saddle are hitched on, and the hackamore," a sort of halter with a nose piece that will draw tightly when pulled, is put on. To this is added a horse-hair rope, called a macarte, and after a handkerchief has been placed over the pony's eyes the other loops are loosed. Streaks plunges to his feet and runs on the macarte. This he finds even more unprofitable than running on the riata, for the noose piece brings him up all standing. When he is quiet enough to approach Tex ties the macarte so as to make reins and throws himself into the saddle. Streaks looks as if he meant mischeif, and the bystanders climb up on the corral to be out of harm's way. Sometimes a mounted man is at hand to "haze" the broncho and keep him from running through a wire fence or smashing into a wagon. Tex reaches over and raises the blind, and then the fun begins. Streaks stands still for a moment, and then makes a mad plunge into the air and lands on his stiffened fore legs, with his nose almost on the ground. Tex has balanced himself and returns the compliment with a touch of the spur. Streaks makes a succession of swift plunges, changing ends at every jump and striking the ground like a street paver's rammer.

The boys shout encouragingly, "Sit him deep, Tex," "California him," "Hang and rattle," "Set him afire," "Look for a prickly pear to light on," "Mind that prairie dog town." Tex plies spur and cuerto, shouting "I-i-e-a-a," a talismanic word of much repute among "broncho busters." Streaks finds that bucking is no use, and he suddenly rears and falls over backward, driving the horn of the saddle into the ground. He looks to enjoy the sight of Tex's lifeless body, but Tex is standing by his head with the coil of the macarte, which had been caught under his belt, fast in his left hand. When Streaks finds his feet again Tex is on his back, and the pony makes a bolt of it. A mile or two tells on him, and Tex manages to jerk his head around so that he heads for home again. When the pony is so exhausted that he is comparatively submissive he is a "broke horse." He will be harder to ride the second time when he is bitted than the first, but by the time he has been mounted half a dozen times he will be quite tractable. Then he has to be taught to "savvy cow," and must learn to dodge, stop and whirl around like a cat. The "broke horses" that have been running loose all winter are apt to be more troublesome than the colts, and the best riders in the outfit will take the nonsense out of a bad horse if the man to whom he is assigned is not a very "tiff" vaquer.

Whisky or Whiskey.

I am inclined to think that the trade spelling of this world varies somewhat with the nationality of the particular member. I have observed that the Scotch firms seem to adopt the form whisky, Irish firms the form whiskey. In a London periodical devoted to subjects connected with the liquor trade generally, entitled Drinks, of which the February number is now before me, I find the spelling whisky used, moreover, quite incidentally throughout a short article in such a way as to indicate that it is the ordinary orthography of that journal. On the whole, there fore, I think that the evidence points to whisky as being both the modern Scottish orthography and that most generally in use except in Ireland—[Notes and Queries.

A Foot Note.

Mrs. John Watkins of A'mena, Mich, dreaming the other night, kicked violently as she dreamed, and when her husband's shouts woke her she found she had broken several bones in one of his feet.

A Kind Word.

Speak pleasant words to every man; these are the paying sort; only the chemist safely can employ a hot retort.

A SYSTEMATIC STAGE ROBBER.

Daring Methods by Which "Black Bart" Robbed on the Highway.

"Black Bart," a stage robber, who became the terror of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Company, looks like a respectable business man, and bears no trace of the criminal. He first began the systematic course of stage robbery, which he followed for years, in 1887. His plan was to thoroughly acquaint himself with any section of country [illegible] then to waylay a stage which he knew contained money. He always operated single-handed and he never tackled a stage which carried a shotgun express messenger. Most of his robberies were commited in lonely places in the foot hills. The passengers in a coach, just after daybreak, would be surprised by the apparition of a man in the roadway, with a gunny sack over his head and a [illegible] in his hand, who would order the driver to throw down the express box and mail bag. He never disturbed the passengers and he never left any clew to his identity except bits of doggerel verse signed "Black Bart, the po-8" As these were always written in a different hand, this clew was valuless. In six years he committed twenty-three robberies and the rewards for his capture, offered in the various counties, amounted to the handsome sum of $18,400. About every three months he emerged from seclusion and startled the State with a fresh robbery and a new set of verses, in which he generally ridiculed the police and detectives for their failure to catch him.

But, finally, in November, 1883, he betrayed himself by a bit of carelessness. In that month he robbed the stage from Sonora to Milton, in Calaveras county. The treasure consisted of $4,400 in gold amalgam and $550 in coin. He used a powerful pair of field glasses to survey the stage from a distance. The driver, under the strong persuasion of a Winchester, threw down the express box and the stage proceeded on its way. When it reached Milton the Sheriff started in pursuit. They found the rifled treasure box, but no trace of the robber or his booty. He had evidently left in a great hurry, however, as a cuff and a pocket handkerchief were found on the ground. The cuff bore plainly a white laundry mark, and was the first real clew the police had ever gained. After long search the detectives located the laundry office where the cuff had been taken from. They learned that it had formed part of the wash of a mining man named Bolton, who always brought his clothes in person and took away the freshly laundered parcel. They watched for him and were rewarded in a few days by the appearance of the supposed mining man. He was arrested, and a visit to his rooms revealed many implements of his craft. He confessed to his latest crime, and he was punished for that alone. It seems [illegible] he lived quietly in this city, and from time to time went off on a stage robbing trip to recruit for funds. The people with whom he lived supposed those excursions were prospecting tours. His immunity from discovery was due mainly to the fact that he never drank anything stronger than coffee, and never made any one the confidant of his crimes. He is incarcerated in the San Quentin prison.

A Famous Dance.

A friend of mine named Moore once witnessed the famous green corn dance of the Seminoles. It was in early May. One day, soon after the orange blossoms had faded in the hummocks, and the tassels were just browning over the fields of corn, there were great preparations made for some sort of feast which Moore could not account for, and the Indians were not communicative on the subject. Many cabbage palm trees were slaughtered and their snow white buds prepared for the pot. A spot of ground was selected in the shadiest part of the hummock, where three giant-bodied live oaks leaned their great arms together, and a large space of ground under the trees was divested of its growth of palmettos and bushes and swept clean. A fire of rich pine knots and oak limbs was built in the center, and, after a while, there was a deep bed of live coals. The women came in from the fields laden with green corn, which they husked and placed in the embers to roast, while the old men held secret council together and skinned the deer and wild hogs brought in by the young warriors. When the guests had assembled the chief, glittering in war paint and silver ornaments, rose to his feet and in a few words directed the opening of the performance. A circle was formed and a march begun, during which a strange, dirge-like song was chanted, and faster and faster moved the procession. On and on they swept around the fire, not pausing a moment for breath, yelling, dancing, jumping, until finally the [illegible] down to rest and to feast on the venison, corn and palm cabbage which were temptingly displayed on platters of palmetto. The fragrant brown ears of roasted corn were brought forward and distributed among the throng, as an emblem of future peace and prosperity.

The Wit of Women.

No! I ain't one to see the cat walking into the dairy and wonder what she's come after.—[George Eliot.

If steamers are named the Asia, the Russia and the Scotia, why not call one the Nausea?—[Louisa Alcott.

We shall be perfectly virtuous when there is no longer any flesh on our bones.—[Marguerite de Valois.

If the Venus de Medici could be animated into life, women would only remark that her waist is large.—[Ouida.

When you wish to affirm anything you always call God to witness because he never contradicts you.—[Mme. de Sevigne.

Her neck and arms were as naked as if she had never eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.—[Queen of Roumania.

Marryin' a man ain't like settin' alongside of him nights and hearing him talk pretty. That's the fust prayer. There's lots and lots o' meetin' after that.—[Rose Terry Cooke.

Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticisms you pass upon his companions. Relations, like features, are thrust upon us; companions, like clothes, are more or less our own selection.—[Kate Field.

Particular About His Funeral.

Dr. John Brooks, who died recently in Samos, Mo, left the following directions concerning his burial: "Place me in a square oak box, dressed plain inside and out, without staining, varnish, or cover; no lining; make a pallet of my blankets in the bottom of my box; no pillow: lay me on my right side, with one hand under the side of my face, the other hand folded on my breast, with my knees drawn up, as if I was sleeping. Dress me in a plain white robe; socks, but no shoes; cover me with a white sheet folded back from my shoulders just as I would fold it in a natural sleep; my grave to be walled with brick and bricked over the top to keep out the rain."

THE MEREDITH NEWS.

GEO. F. SANBORN,
PUBLISHER and PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 per Annum. $1.25 if paid Strictly in Advance. Advertising Rates made known upon application. Liberal inducements to Agents.

Entered at the Post Office in Meredith, N. H., as Second Class Matter.

Good wine can be had in Solano, Cal., for 30 cents a gallon.

E. Z. Judson, otherwise known as "Ned Buntline," is very ill. He is said to have averaged $20,000 a year for the last 25 years out of his stories.

A Baptist missionary in China writes home that what an American family throws away in a year would keep a dozen Chinese families, and what a Chinese family throws away in the same time would not keep a mouse.

Mary Anderson, who has finished her western tour, will, after playing one week in Boston and two weeks in New York, sail for England in June. The receipts for her tour reached $[illegible] of which her share is one-third and $200 a night.

San Francisco has a girls' union, where young women receive board and lodging if unable to pay for it; are put in the way of finding work, and generally watched over. Classes in housekeeping, sewing, dressmaking, and the like are about to be started. There are 400 members of the union.

The Yellowstone basin has a class of hunters who pursue their game with poison, strychnine being the means used to bring down the wolves of that region. They hunt from November until April, and make good pay. It is estimated that there are three hundred of these men busy every day in the season in the basin and as many more in the Milk river region. They kill thousands of wolves every month.

A singular thunder-bolt at sea is reported by Captain Anderson, of the British barque Siddartha, just arrived at New York. April 20, when the ship was on the northern edge of the Gulf Stream, she was struck by a blaze of lightning. The sky was perfectly clear, excepting a thin vapor, when suddenly there was a vivid flash of lightning "in the rigging" and a loud clap of thunder. The shock caused a vibration of the compass which lasted fifteen minutes.

Attempts have been made several times to found a temperance society in Paris, but without success. The Parisian cannot be induced to give up his wine. Light wines are cheap in Paris, and what is more are considered essential luxuries of diet, owing to the bad quality of the water, which is indeed undrinkable in some parts of the town. The drinking habits of the people are growing, for, within the last few years the consumption of alcoholic liquors per head has been doubled. The latest attempt to start a teetotal society is that made by the Societe de la Croix-Bleu. A branch of this society was established in Paris a year ago, and, notwithstanding the vigilance of the pioneer reformers, they have only succeeded in capturing about 50 persons.—[Boston Journal.

The Rev. Mr. Lindsay was able to boast that he was born four months after his mother had been buried. His mother, who resided in Stewartsville Township, N. C., fell ill, and to all appearances died, and was buried in Stewartsville cemetery. The night following her interment, ghouls, for the purpose of securing some jewelry that was buried with her body, unearthed the remains, when consciousness returned, and she was enabled to return home. Arriving at her late residence she rapped at the door and was answered by her husband, who demanded to know who was there. To his great astonishment the answer came: "It is your wife." He was not quick in opening the door, but finally did so, and was overjoyed to meet again in life his beloved wife, whom he had mourned as dead. Four months afterward the Rev. Mr. Lindsay was born, and his mother survived several years.

This is the best season in which to purify the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best purifier. 100 Doses One Dollar.

A Beautiful Easter Card. The Virgin Salt Co., of New Haven, Conn., are making a grand offer to introduce their salt. Go and ask your grocer for Virgin Salt and get an elegant Easter Card. In addition we offer an extra inducement, a pair of Doves beautifully lithographed in ten colors, as natural as life, on a large card 9x10 inches. Virgin Salt is the cleanest, purest and whitest salt ever seen or used. A large package costs only 10 cents. 33

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, May 7th, 1886.

While the country is shocked by the news of the bloody strikes in different Western cities, "all is quiet along the Potomac." Washington is indeed a quiet city, considering that it is itself the scene of a strike. There are to be seen on the street knots of men whose bearing and dress stamp them as workmen, and the fact that they are so assembled indicates that they are out of employment. This is the only evidence that they are on a strike. The labor troubles here seem to have developed into a stubborn lockout, and it is already becoming a matter of doubt whether or not work will be fully resumed again this season.

The proceedings of the week in Congress have not been so interesting in character as usual, or perhaps I may say that events in Congressional committee rooms have been more interesting than those in the House and Senate. There was a little sensation in the House Judiciary Committee room while the Anti-Polygamy bill was being considered. Judge Baskin, who is representing the Gentiles of Utah in advocacy of the bill, is a remarkably impressive old gentlemen. It was through his efforts that the Mountain Meadow massacre of settlers was traced to its perpetrators twenty years after its occurrence, and his experiences in Utah have been varied and thrilling. He read to the committee the affadavit of a young English woman who stated that she had been converted to Mormonism by her lover, who came to this country and returned to England as a Mormon missionary, finally bringing her back here with him. After entering the Mormon church and marrying according to the Mormon mode, she discovered that her marriage was a polygamous one. Upon this discovery she made revelations and gave descriptions that were revolting in character. At the conclusion of his remarks, the judge pointed to a handsome young woman, sitting in the room beside Miss Kate Field, and announced that she was the victim to whom he alluded, and that she was ready to undergo cross-examination and verify the statements.

After ten day's discussion the Senate passed the Post Office Appropriation bill, together with the amendment appropriating $800,000 for subsidies to American vessels for [illegible] of Kansas referring to the opposition of the Southern Senators to the subsidy amendment, took occasion to remark that the South was behind the times. It responded, he said, to the wishes and principles inculcated by Calhoon, enforced by Taucey and represented to-day by Jefferson Davis.

Senator Morgan of Alabama here interposed to comment upon the unfairness of this class of argument. He complained that it was made at so late a stage of the debate that the Southern men had no opportunity to reply to it. As for himself, every name mentioned by the Senator from Kansas was consecrated in his memory as the name of an honorable and great man. He hoped the state of Kansas might sometime produce such a character as Mr. Calhoun, or Mr. Taucey, or Mr. Davis. Mr. Plumb answered that the South was to-day taking up the song where it left off in 1861, and he criticised the course of Senators who would ask for millions to improve the Mississippi for commerce but were not willing to vote anything to develope commerce from the mouth of the Mississippi to other lands.

Certain society circles have been most interested in an event which has just taken place in connection with the family of Col. Jerome Bonaparte, who lives in this city, and who is a great nephew, you may remember, of the 1st Napoleon. On Wednesday Col. Bonaparte's step-daughter, Miss Edgar, aged twenty, who took the white veil a year ago, took the black veil and the perpetual vows of a nun—poverty, chastity and obedience. She will be known in her religion as Sister Mary de Sales. The young girl's action was a surprise to many. Not only was she much admired in fashionable circles, but her surroundings have always been most attractive, and her home on "K" street is one of the handsomest in the city. She never had any fondess for society, however, and since she left school has been disposed to be a recluse in her elegant abode.

COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Editor:—

While his spring calves were frisking about, the maker of gilt-edged butter has come forth from his dairy, and, hiding his affected blushes behind a stately array of initials, has published his sage opinions on poetry and the poets. Following the lead of a stage-player, he censures, eulogizes and expounds, with a flippancy rarely evinced by a man of cows. But amid his adoration of Longfellow, Whittier and Shakespeare, he seems to forget that merit in a poetical production is measured by its fitness for a purpose, and not by some ideal standard. Half of mankind care no more for the higher grades of poetry than for philosophic essays or moral homilies. A majority of our people never read the works of Shakespeare, and never would, even if a copy of them were placed in every household. Indeed, the best poetry, like the best productions in other departments of letters, is really appreciated by comparatively few. Ballads and kindred effusions relating to the events and opinions of their own times have ever formed the popular poetry of all nations, for the very reason that they are unlabored and without pretention. People's tastes are among the hardest things in the world to manage; so if the skim-milk critic will forbear to urge his dislikes upon others, and cease to read what he cannot endure, the public will lose nothing and he will have more time to keep his churn going. He says his "motive was not to offend," but if he had made an effort to catch that supposed nice ball of butter, the shadow of which he saw sinking into the pond some three weeks since, while he was keeping the rail of that bridge from falling inward, at a time when honest people were in bed, he might, perhaps, have prepared that assertion in a way that would have been more readily swallowed by the several hundred readers of the Meredith News. He complains of our "bad grammar," while we suspect that his real concern of mind in that direction is based on the fear that our missiles of truth, plainly put, will demand the right of way where some portion of his precious body may unhappily fall in its course. His second article is a sorry example of the elevating influence of poetry. Casting aside the majesty of a censor and panegyrist, he appears as sour as his own buttermilk. There are showers of mud, stale allegories, senseless charges, a very course anecdote and dodges to avoid responsibility, and one little pun; but he has quite forgotten the hobby that brought him from among his cows to figure in public life. Seen through the medium of this medley, his genius is like the ostrich, incapable of taking flight and only able to fling stones and dirt in its course.

Y. L.

State News.

Senator Austin F. Pike arrived at his home in Franklin Friday noon.

It is rumored that a new brick block will be erected on Main St., Laconia.

The widow of the late Judge Cogswell of Gilmanton is dead, aged 84 years.

Deacon Charles Hodgdon, a prominent citizen of Ossipee, died on Saturday, at 70.

John Morse of Jefferson, aged 92 years, recently piled up 20 cords of wood in four days time.

Benjamin F. Martin of the Laconia grist-mill, had one finger taken off in the elevator Tuesday.

Miss Annie Ray has accepted the position of Secretary at the rooms of the Manchester W. C. T. U.

Walter Aiken of Franklin recently caught a trout that weighed 9 1-2 pounds in New Found lake in Bristol.

Hon. C. E. Tilton and wife returned from their winter's residence at San Francisco Thursday afternoon.

The base ball season will be opened at Tilton Memorial Day, when the Tiltons will play the Penacooks.

The Laconia Car company have received an order to build 50 platform cars for the Boston and Lowell railroad.

The name of the Gonic station on the Worcester, Nashua and Portland division of the Boston and Maine railroad has been changed to West Rochester.

Alexander J. Cochran, one of the elders of the Shaker fraternity in Canterbury, had one of his hands badly hurt in a planing machine recently.

The Hodgdon farm in Northfield was taken up 100 years ago this month by the Hodgdons and has remained the property of the family from that date to the present.

An ambitious Haverhill hen recently laid an egg shaped like a dumb-bell, consisting of two shells nearly the ordinary size connected by a stem about as large as a lead pencil.

During the past season 1,700,000 small fry of trout and other fish have been hatched at Plymouth and Lake Sunapee and will be distributed in the waters of the state this summer.

By invitation of "the powers that be," Mrs. N. H. Knox, President of the State W. C. T. U., will speak of the objects of that organization before the M. E. Conference of N. H., to be holden in Keene month.

Mrs. Rivers Mitchell of Plym who made the murderous assau Mrs. Frank Pillsbury in Brid water some time since, has been a rested and held in the sum of $2500 to appear before the Novemb grand jury.

Lydia, wife of Henry Goldw died at Sandwich April 30 of o age, being in her 84 year. She survived by a husband four years senior, to whom she had been m ried 64 years: also by a son daughter. Mr. Goldwaithe i oldest person in town, passi 87 birthday on the 29th of J last.

A fellow bearing the na Wells begged lodging and br of Mr. Herbert Mann at East and Thursday morning taking a new pair of boots, and $50. in money from drawer. He was overtaken Tilton and Franklin, brought the goods and most of the m covered. He was locked up unt after dark when he was allowed t make tracks for some other state.

A few days ago, says the Plymouth *Democrat*, the manageme of the Pemigewasset house sent t Boston and engaged a number plumbers to put in order the wat and gas pipes for the season. Aft getting here and getting the pip all torn up they suddenly returned Boston. This was occasioned by fault of the management nor on a count of dissatisfaction with the pa but simply because the organizatio to which they belonged in Bost struck and they had to leave here.

Samuel M. S. Moulton of Lacon died Tuesday morning at 7:30 o'clo of hemorrhage of the lungs. He h attended to his usual routine bu ness till last Saturday, since whi time he has been confined to t house with frequent bleeding spe He was the oldest son of Hon. Jo C. Moulton, and for many years h been identified with the interests the Laconia Car company, occup ing the position of treasurer and pa master, and a member of the fir He was one of the first in agitati and securing the charter for the L Shore railroad and was one of t directors. He was an active me of John L. Perley Post, No. 37, A. R., and prominent in the M sonic order. In politics he was enthusiastic Democrat, having sin his boyhood taken an active He represented the town in the islature of 1876-7, and was c selectman in 1868-9, and fo past nine years has filled the off moderator, being repeatedly cl without opposition, as his a was recognized by the citizen general. Mr. Moulton becam member of Mt. Lebanon Lodge, F. and A. M., October 3, 1860, served as secretary for two y and was also a member of U Chapter, No. 7, R. A. M., and P thagorean Council, No. 6, R. a S. M. He was the treasurer a agent of the Laconia Gas Light C in 1873. and the foreman of t steamer of the fire department 1876, and afterwards took an ac part in getting the fire alarm in op ation. His first enlistment was the 1st N. H. Vols. for three mont then re-enlisted in the 1st U. Cav. for three years. He becam member of John L. Perley Post, A. R. September 7. 1878, and ser as commander in 1879. He was the Department of New Hampsh G. A. R., as a member of t council of administration, and w well known in G. A. R. cir throughout the state. He is vived by his parents, one brother Frank Moulton of Columbia, S and one sister, Mrs. Joshua B den of Boston, and wife, d of Benjamin E. Thurston town. It has generally been r since his death that no one missed in business and social more than the deceased. The fu takes place Friday afternoon o'clock and will be under the d tion of the Masonic and G Army bodies. His age was 48 y 10 months and 10 days.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSI

Among the many sympt of Dyspepsia or indigesti the most prominent are: riable appetite; faint, gnaw feeling at pit of the stom with unsatisfied craving food; heartburn, feeling weight and wind in the st ach, bad breath, bad tast the mouth, low spirits, gen prostration, headache, constipation. There is no f of disease more prevalent t Dyspepsia, and none so pe liar to the high-living and r id-eating American peo Alcohol and tobacco pro Dyspepsia; also, bad air, BURDOCK BL BITTERS, will cure the w case, by regulating the bo and toning up the dige organs. Sold everywhere.

Don't Laugh.

Bound to be bounced—a ball.

Telephone is feminine—it talks back.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again; so will a spring bustle.

The bald eagle is the only bird that shows proof of having a second wife.

Tatches are scarce where a family have all red-headed and freckle-faced daughters.

If your blood is vitiated, cleanse it without delay by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Safe and effective.

If you employ your money in doing good, you put it out to the best interest.

The able Irish judge, Baron Down, says: "The amount of alcohol consumed in a district, is the measure of its degradation.

You might as well try to squelch an Irishman's love of country as to undertake to convince a young mother that her baby is not "forward for its age."

The latest expression to indicate that a man is jolly drunk is to say that "he's got his skates on." People who go rolling home in the morning are experts.

Falling out of the hair may be prevented, brashy hair made soft, and the growth of the hair renewed, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

An Arkansas horse thief confessed that he had eleven wives living, and the cruel vigilantes refused to hang him, but sent him home to the bosoms of his family.

Mr. A. M. Graham says he was coming up the river last Saturday, viewing the work of the high waters and saw a cow about twenty feet up in a tree, lodged there during the freshet.—[Exchange.

Chapped hands. A few drops of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment rubbed into the hands occasionally will keep them soft and free from soreness. Soldiers, sailors and fishermen should remember this. It is the best Liniment in the world for any purpose.

A young man in the South sued his girl for breach of promise. In the letters offered as evidence he called her his "idol" 321 times. And yet she jilted him! We suppose she didn't want to marry such an "idol" young man as he proved himself to be.

At the Harlem Police Court last week, a child was brought before the magistrates charged with vagrancy. The mother of the child appeared and disputed the name under which the child was charged, it being different from her own. The clerk of the magistrates inquired whether it had been born in wedlock, to which the woman replied: "No, sor; it was born in Jersey."

A neighbor of ours lost a valuable mare recently, it is supposed from bots. If he had used 25c. worth of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders he would have been driving his pretty chestnut to-day. Sorry for you, Doctor. These powders are immensely valuable.

Employer—"I am very suspicious of young men now-a-days. You can't tell how they are going to turn out. Why, in six months they know more about your business than you do yourself, and want to run it all."

Applicant for position—"I can assure you, sir, that if you will engage me, I will devote as little time as possible to your business.

A novel use is made of the stereoscope to detect forged bank notes. A note of a hundred francs was recently submitted to the experts of the Bank of France as issued by a band of forgers, but the execution was so perfect that no defect could be discovered by the closest examination. A suggestion was then made to place the suspected note side by side the genuine one in the objective of a stereoscope, the two images of which, as is well known, overlay each other and form a single picture. The result of the experiment was that the loop in a letter of the forged note did not exactly cover that of the genuine one, showing that they had not been printed from the same plate.

The practice of pegging down ever-blooming roses so that they will cover completely the surface of the bed is known to produce very pleasant results. It is said that pegging dahlias proves quite satisfactory.

The chief advantage of incubators consists in the circumstance that eggs may be hatched in them before fowls show a disposition to sit on eggs. The eggs of ducks can be hatched in incubators to the most advantage, as early ducks of improved varieties sell at high prices in large towns.

If farmers who have never tried it will cut their corn fodder and straw finely for their cattle, they will be surprised to notice how much better the stock will eat them, and how much further the same amount of fodder will go than when fed whole. A little sprinkling of meal does not injure it in the least.

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A WONDERFUL COMBINATION OF PEPTONIZED BEEF, HOPS and MALT. Being the ONLY KNOWN PREPARATION for Imparting PURE ALBUMEN To the Body.

It is an Absolute Cure for Nervousness, Debility and Insomnia, and wards off those Terrible Evils which are the First Stages of INSANITY.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, New York City.

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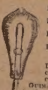

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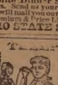

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It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure CHICKEN CHOLERA, Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00; by mail, $1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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Your Children

Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

My children have been peculiarly subject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to find any effective remedy until I commenced administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This preparation relieves the difficulty of breathing and invariably cures the complaint.—David G. Starks, Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, and have found it especially valuable in Whooping Cough. This medicine allays all irritation, prevents inflammation from extending to the lungs, and quickly subdues any tendency to Lung Complaint.—J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

I find no medicine so effective, for Croup and Whooping Cough, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saved the life of my little boy, only six months old, carrying him safely through the worst case of Whooping Cough I ever saw.—Jane Malone, Piney Flats, Tenn.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles $5.

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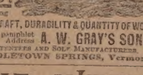

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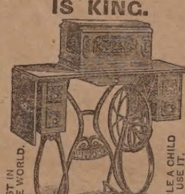

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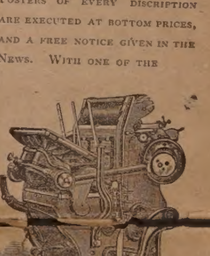

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Man's Best Friend.

Ever since man threw off barbasity and put on breeches, he has owed allegiance to the pants button; but like everything else he owes he won't own up and put his finger to his nose to signify that on all future occasions the collector will get the chronic stand off.

As man's best friend, and not strikingly beautiful beast of burden, the pants button, ranks along with bicycle, the bull pup and the game rooster, and is more reliable than the Irish cook, who always kicks up sheol, gives warning to the boss of the family, anp victuals to her own. throws her job up and the dishes down, and indulges in other foreign conduct and practices peculiar to her class.

The story of the pants button is too often connected with overwork, extra hours and unrequited toil, with dark closets, rotten thread and snubbing.

In the morning of his life as a button he may be like the sleeping car porter and have the world at his mercy, but when he once embarks in a paste-board box, along with half a gross of other buttons, one of which is crucified on the north end (of the box), he doesn't know whether he will eventually embellish the trousers of a fat man with no suspenders and get his living as a piece of jewelry, or if he will be wired on to a Universal Button Fastener, and pass a life of greasy misery on the breeches of a plumber's apprentice, under the daily caresses of a future millionaire. Or, perchance, he goes to the rural districts, and if he is a white bone button, be sewed with black thread to the hired man's blue overalls,, and if he is a black button have his four eyes punched full of twine and be stuck outside of the farmer's red Sunday vest.

Sometimes the pants button plays in luck and lives high, keeps good company, and is eminently respectable. He goes with the swells on the seashore and the mountains in summer, and to Florida in winter; to congress with the statesmen, and with the bootblack he goes to the water's edge in the swimming season. He is moral or immoral, according to the company he is in, but is as indifferent about where he goes as a homeless dog with a kettle to his tail. He trains with evangelists, blue-nosed Presbyterian deacons and editors, and is on equally good terms with Mormon elders, bank cashiers, and politicians in good repute. He will go to prayer meeting three times a week and kick over the tables at the beer gardens all day Sunday, and will sometimes stay drunk with his friends for a week. He has the same smile for a seventy-dollar tailor suit that he wears in company with a horse shoe nail on the breeches of a newsboy, or when he does duty on an expired pair of regimentals on a Sunday darkey.

If you think the pants button is of no importance, just tell the first heavy weight you meet that his pants button is showing, and according to your truthfulness he will either thank you kindly or knock you down; or, get some friendly magician to jerk all the pants buttons out of the White House during a presidential reception. and just notice how Grover will run down cellar and shut off the gas, so that he can adjourn the crowd *sine pants buttons*. and every mother's son will go down the steps with his hands in his pockets.

Occasionally the pants button works by proxy, but it is not a paying scheme, for nb one who is used to a full hand of pants buttons can be reconciled to a short flush made up of a fish hook, three buttons, a shingle nail and a pine stick.

I am reliably told that all the wealthy nobility of foreign countries persistently refrain from wearing pine stick and shingle nail substitutes for pants buttons, and that nothing, unless it is the King of Clubs, who thinks anything of his personal appearance, will come out in public with no buttons on his pants. No! not even if the shortage in his home-knit yarn galluses is pieced out with white twine and yellow calico; and under these circumstances it galls my pride in our own American nobility to see them curtailing expenses in this way. We should have a law requiring everybody to wear buttons on their pants—but this law should only apply to men.—[HEBE, in Peck's Sun.

Raking the Yard.

It is now the time of year when the dutiful sun and the obedient father hear the voice of woman proclaiming, with no uncertain sound, the coming labor on the yard. The dutiful sun is going out into the front yard, rake in hand, and pap is going to carry away the dead leaves, twigs, pieces of brick, bones, etc., that the kid rakes up, in the little basket under his arm. Mam has been talking up the business for four long weeks, and pap, in order that the yoke he entered into voluntarily may not prove too galling, has decided to act at once.

A boy hardly likes to work in a field 30x40 feet, he wants a larger scope for his ambition; but woman, with her resistless ding-dong, finally breaks all the family breaks all the family into the pet scheme of raking up the yard. It seems strange, but a philosopher from Boston tells me women take much the same delight in getting out into the yard and scratching around when the sun shines warm, that hens do.

Anyhow, they are at the work. How nicely the rake fills its teeth with the rubbish, and the kid picks the teeth when they are full, don't he! Yes, the kid picks the teeth of the rake. Mam places the pieces of brick about a darling rose bush, or along a flower bed border, and pap suffers martyrdom unutterable. How well mam uses her tongue and orders prp and the kid around! She is queen of the front yard—the tragic queen, all others are vassals. How imperious her sway! This raking up the yard is one of the events of married life, I tell you. It is something that woman looks forward to, from Christmass on, with delight. Man suffers the agony in silence alone, without the support of the public press.

It is killing off some of our best men. Apoplexy don't kill them. It is the continual rakings they stand up under. Another thing about this raking-the-yard business, it takes a month's talk and thirty minutes' work. The work is as likely to be injurious to the man as the talk, for in working thirty minutes his muscles just begin to expand, develop and feel good, and he may rush out on the street and hurt someone. This produces a world of trouble.

Any man would rather work all day in harvest than thirty minutes raking the yard to suit Agnes Eleanor.

Many men have hoped that this raking-the-yard craze would pass away, but it siezes anew the female mind every year and thousands of tired workmen bend again to the toil that pleases the dude and makes the Jim Crow laugh.

Worry kills men. Once in a while you will run across a man who will say, "Rake the garden for you, my little peach blossom? I should say so, while these distracted corns hold a seat within these cussed boots." Such a man will throw off his coat, laugh and joke, and think the thing so much fun for him that his wife will be mad for three months, bnt such cases are rare. The raking-the-yard business more generally ends in a divorce or a big fuss when mam reminds pap at supper: "There is a place you missed this morning, I want it raked after supper." Such statements are hard to bear. I leave the subject with the Board of Health.—[N. A. H. ALLAC in Peck's Sun.

Farm and Garden.

Plant memorial trees on the birthdays and you will have a monument of beauty in every tree.

Wood ashes and plaster make an excellent fertilizer for all kinds of grass crops, and should be freely used.

Raspberries throw up a great many suckers, and these should be thinned out, leaving out not over four canes to the hill, so as to afford plenty of room.

We need to study the habits of insects more. Nearly all the insects which injure the farmer and fruit grower have their parasites, which would keep the enemy in check if properly encouraged.

In breeding stock on the farm do not be tempted to sell the best, but dispose of the inferior animals first. By carefully selecting and retaining the best every year, the value of the stock will be increased and larger profits secured.

The last month or so of a pig's life has a great influence upon the flesh of the animal. You can put on the frame all through the year, but the flavor is largely determined by feeding during the latter period of fattening. The same is true of all animals.

Mustard plants used to be the terror and disgust of the California wheat grower. Now they are a source of profit. By ingenious mechanical harvesting both crops are gathered separately, and the mustard is worth more than the wheat on the same land.

Eastern fruit raisers who packed apples in flour flour barrels found the contents of the packages to be in bad condition. The flour between the staves of the barrel absorbed moisture, and, becoming mouldy, conveyed a disagreeable smell and to the apples, and in some cases caused them to rot.

An Indiana finds that it is an advantage to mix bluegrass seed and other light grass seed with moist sawdust before sowing. He says the grass seed adheres to the sawdust, and enables the sower to spread it evenly. He uses about three bushels of sawdust to one of grass seed.

Truth Stranger Than Fiction.

There is an old saying to the effect that "there is nothing new under the sun" and yet from the following it would appear that there is an exception, even to this rule.

At a point six miles west of St. Augustine, Florida, on the line of the St. Johns Railway, lies a beautiful tract of land which has recently been laid out in a town-site, called WEST ST. AUGUSTINE.

St. Augustine proper is the *oldest* city in the United States, and abounds with legend lore and historical antiquity, and few if any of the many thousands that visit Florida fail to take a look at the Sea Wall, Old Fort,, and the many other interesting objects.

It was founded September 8th, 1565, forty-two years previous to the settlement of Jamestown, Va., and fifty-five years before the landing of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. The name St. Augustine was given to the place by the Spaniards, because they landed upon the day dedicated to that revered and learned Saint. St. Augustine is growing rapidly, being the terminus of two railways, and others are being extended toward it, and it is now known as the HOTEL CITY OF FLORIDA.

The proprietors and owners of THE ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN WORLD, a sixteen page weekly illustrated paper, same size as Harper's Weekly, noting the great progress being made in the ANCIENT CITY, purchased a large tract of land near St. Augustine, from Mr. Wm. Astor of New York immediately on the line of the St. Johns Railway, which is also owned by Mr. Astor, and in the midst of this tract and within two hundred feet of the railroad have planted in a plot of 700 acres, the city of WEST ST. AUGUSTINE.

From WEST ST. AUGUSTINE there exists daily connections for the ST. JOHNS RIVER, nine miles distant, with steamboat connections going north and south, daily. To ST. AUGUSTINE, six miles distant. Palatka, the Gem City of the south, by river thirty-five miles, or rail, thirty-eight miles distant.

In addition to this, the tract on which is located the city of WEST ST. AUGUSTINE is much higher in latitude than either St. Augustine or Jacksonville and is RICH, HIGH, DRY, OPEN PINE LAND.

And now comes the strange feature of the whole matter; the proprietors and owners of THE ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN WORLD conceived the plan of giving to each and every yearly subscriber to the paper, a DEED to a lot in the city of WEST ST. AUGUSTINE, 40x100 feet, free and clear of all incumbrances, and parties becoming owners of these lots *are no equired to build*, though it is confidently expected because of the delightful location, that many will do so.

Florida to-day is the Mecca to which thousands are looking with longing eyes, and it is now made possible through the enterprise of the proprietors of THE ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN WORLD, for all to secure a HOME in that delightful state FREE.

Many will no doubt wonder how it is possible for any one to *absolutely give away* lots in the city of WEST ST. AUGUSTINE, and yet the reasons, when explained are very simple. Adjacent to the lands upon which is located the city of WEST ST. AUGUSTINE, the proprietors and owners of THE ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN WORLD own other lands which they no doubt expect will greatly enhance in value; these lands will be divided into in plots of FIVE, TEN and FIFTEEN acres, and sold as the value increases, which, as the lots are taken will be very rapid, they also have in view a desire to induce subscribers to settle in the state, and at the same time secure for the paper an extensive paid up circulation.

THE ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN WORLD contains seven or more pages of illustrations and it is replete with choice literature. No expense is spared to make this publication one of the finest in the world. It is ably edited and contains valuable information about Florida, the land of Flowers and Oranges, scenes covering all the Southern States and their peculiarities, besides stories, poems, sketches, useful information, household notes, the garden, etc., etc., in fact it is just such a paper as should go into every home in the land, and by the foregoing unprecedented and liberal offer they expect to soon quadruple their list of subscribers. The subscription price of The Illustrated Southern World is $4.00 per per year and they pay the postage.

The subjoined is the offer of the proprietors and owners of THE ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN WORLD, a specimen copy of which will be furnished upon application, enclosing 10 cents.

WHAT WE WILL DO: Upon receipt of $4.00 from you we will enter your name in our subscription books and send to any address The Illustrated Southern World, for fifty-two weeks, paying the postage on it, and, as an extra inducement to have you become one of our subscribers we will execute a warranty deed to a town lot in West St. Augustine, 40x100 feet in size. Remember we actually give you this lot, and we hereby further agree to pay notary for executing the same and to pay all taxes up to January 1st, 1887. At the present time, no one can become a lot owner in our city unless they are a subscriber, but after you have secured your deed, of course if you wish you can sell it. We retain the right to return your money should all the lots we propose to donate to subscribers be taken before we receive your remittance.

You can send money to us by Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, Express or Bank draft. Sample copy of paper sent upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps. What Merchant, Mechanic, Professional and Laboring man would not be acting wisely by getting a lot? Fathers or Mothers secure a lot for yourselves or one of your children. prove a good nest egg and nothing. Deeds are execu ladies as well as men. In w give full name of person you deed made to. Do not let this den opportunity pass but ord once.

We refer by permission to the following gentlemen who reside and do business in ville:
Maj. R. McLAUGHLIN, Pres. St. Johns
Capt. W. R. WATSON, late Manager Baya Merchants' Line.
Capt. C. V. H. POST, Manager St. John Fast Line.
W. S. WEBB, Webb's Jacksonville Direct
WALTER G. COLEMAN, Gen'l Tra Agent F. R. & N. Ry.
JOHN S. BRIGGS, Alderman, Jackso Fla.
MAYOR RICE, Mayor of Jacksonville.
H. D. HOLLAND, Sheriff, Duval County
Ex-Mayor WM. McL. DANCY.
Ex-Mayor M. A. DZIALYNSKI.
C. A. BOARDMAN, Jacksonville.
We append the names of a few of the subscribers who have received the deeds accompanying their subscriptions, to also refer.
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WM. COOK, Merchant Tailor, Jacks
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WM. B. WATSON, Real Estate,
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FRANCIS E. BOGUE, Furnitur ville.
CHAS. J. BRITZ, Restaurant, Jack
WM. RICH, "Curios," Jacksonville.
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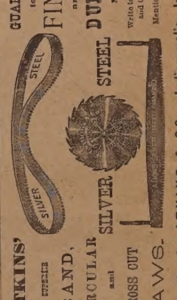

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As any Queen
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THE GREAT SKIN REMEDY.
Removes from the Face all Blemishes such as FRECKLES, Moth, Tan, Pimples, and gives to the complexion the freshness of youth. This is *not a paint* and is warranted to contain no [illegible]. Sold by Geo. F. Sanborn and C. S. Wiggin
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A Sluggish Liver

Causes the Stomach and Bowels to become disordered, and the whole system to suffer from debility. In all such cases Ayer's Pills give prompt relief.

After much suffering from Liver and Stomach troubles, I have finally been cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always find them prompt and thorough in their action, and their occasional use keeps me in a perfectly healthy condition.—Ralph Weeman, Annapolis, Md.

Twenty-five years ago I suffered from a torpid liver, which was restored to healthy action by taking Ayer's Pills. Since that time I have never been without them. They regulate the bowels, assist digestion, and increase the appetite, more surely than any other medicine.—Paul Churchill, Haverhill, Mass.

INVIGORATED.

I know of no remedy equal to Ayer's Pills for Stomach and Liver disorders. I suffered from a Torpid Liver, and Dyspepsia, for eighteen months. My skin was yellow, and my tongue coated. I had no appetite, suffered from Headache, was pale and emaciated. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, taken in moderate doses, restored me to perfect health.—Waldo Miles, Oberlin, Ohio.

Ayer's Pills are a superior family medicine. They strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency resulting from Liver Complaint. I have used these Pills in my family, for years, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction.—Otto Montgomery, Oshkosh, Wis. ††

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

all sorts of suggestions were made, Teresita was at first too full of pleasure to be disturbed by the Knight, but she could not help noticing the disturbed looks of the people as the knight passed through the rooms, and the dead silence which fell upon them all.

"Mi padre," she said, "who is the strange caballero dressed in armor who walks about alone?"

"What caballero?" asked Don Jayme, turning pale. "I have seen no one in armor."

"Where are your eyes, papa?" cried Teresita. "We have all seen him, and you could hear his sword and armor clatter a mile away. Why, there he comes now! Don't you see him? Can't you hear him?"

Don Jayme turned white to the lips. He saw and heard nothing himself, but he knew that the appearance of the ghost of the house portended disaster.

At last the time came to unmask. It was like a transformation scene: every one bloomed out in gay costume, and lent additional brilliance to the already beautiful rooms. The servants handed round wine and cake, chocolate and ices, and the air was filled with the hum of voices. But after the first taste first one guest and then another set down his glass with a look of disgust. The wine looked like a rich, heavy Burgundy, but it tasted like blood. At that moment the Knight in armor entered the room. The voices were hushed, and all gazed at the figure which strode hurriedly across the floor. But Teresita quietly left her seat, and approaching the figure, said:

"Sir Knight, will you not join us now at supper?"

There was no answer, and the guests shuddered and covered their eyes. When they looked again the Knight had gone, and Teresita lay on the floor in a dead faint. She soon recovered her senses, however, made light of the matter, and was among the gayest of the company for the rest of the evening.

So much for trying to be polite to strangers in armor.

"Why, papa, there is our friend, the knight," she said, "standing directly behind you. If you turn your head you cannot help seeing him."

But her father, taking no notice of her remark, she touched him, and a shreik resounded through the house which brought the servants hurrying to the room. Don Jayme was dead.

For weeks Teresita's life hung by a thread. When she recovered her gay spirits were gone, and her hair was perfectly white. It is said that one of the sweetest of the nuns, in the days when the church of Sta Maria la Blanca had a convent attached to it, was Teresita de Verano. The old house is empty, and is supposed to be haunted still by the knight in armor.—[Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Unfortunate Rain Storm.

Minister (to farmer)—You and your good wife don't get in for Sunday services as often as I would like to see you.

"I was going to hitch up and drive in last Sabbath, but it rained. What did you preach about?"

"My text was 'Feed my lambs.' I attempted—"

"Is that so? I'd like to have heerd that sermon. A farmer what keeps sheep can't know too much 'bout feedin' lambs."

One of those Yankee Notions.

The Hartford Courant tells about a man in Chaplinville, who has put in use a crank attachment to one axle of his wagon so arranged that as he drives along it works the dasher in a churn in the wagon, and saves no end of hard labor at home.

The Man Who Commands Attention.

A man with a good policy on his life, remarks the Chicago Current, commands respect and attention in any quarter where his credit is being discussed.

The Mikado Twist.

This graces the heads of all the girls who can coax their hair into that odd and pretty style.

ECHOES

—FROM THE—

eredith Furniture Exchange

—For the Spring of 1886,—

MEREDITH, N. H.

offer to our patrons of Meredith and adjoining towns a carefully stock of goods, bought before the advance, and we are thus enabled the Largest and Choicest Stock of Furniture to be found in this of the state, consisting of

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In Walnut, Ash, Cherry and Pine at prices as low as the lowest.

Matresses, Springs, Cots, &c., &c.

arlor Suits, Lounges, Centre Tables, &c.,

In a large variety of styles.

hildren's Carriages,
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From 7 1-2 to 35c. per roll.

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Don't fail to call and examine our goods before buying.

We have an experienced salesman in Mr. Chase, who will courteously ait on all.

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41-3m

70 TONS.

—The Largest Display of—

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Which will be finished up by one of the best of workmen and placed in position at bottom prices.

Red Granite a Specialty.

We have over seventy tons of marble, and are bound to reduce our stock. Call and see us whether you trade or not. Samples of our work may be seen on application.

J. W. QUIMBY & CO.

37 MEREDITH, N. H.

Every American Indian costs the nited States government $3000 a ear, estimating the Indian populaon at 250,000, and the appropriaon at $7,000,000.

Few People Escape the taint of crofula in the blood. With many it hereditary; but it may also be acuired from want of air or lack of xercise, from improper food, or any ause which brings about weakness f the body and impurity of the lood. The disease is characterized y running sores, abscesses, swellngs, enlarged joints, sore eyes, etc. No medicine has been so successful n curing scrofula as Hood's Sarsaparilla. The most terrible running ores gradually disappear under the urifying and strengthening influnces of this great medicine. If you re a sufferer from scrofula and deire more evidence as to the wonderul success of Hood's Sarsaparilla, end to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a book containing many emarkable cures.

MARRIAGES.

—MEAD—PEABODY— In Danvers, Mass., April 29, by Rev. E. C. Ewing, Joseph W. Mead f Meredith and Miss Lizzie S. Peabody of Danvers.

DEATHS.

HOLS— In Meredith, May 7, Priscilla, ow of the late John Nichols, aged 82 years.

—DAVIS— In Centre Harbor, May 11, Sonia A., wife of Mr. Amos S. Davis, aged 68 rs.

—CRAM— In Boston Highlands, May 10, lly M., widow of the late Dea. Samuel D. Cram Meredith, aged 83 years.

Pasture To Let!

ill accommodate about four oxen. Address S. Doe, Meredith, N. H. 43-tf.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership etofore existing under the firm name of E. H. Maloon & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and all bills due the late firm may be settled h either of the subscribers.

E. H. Maloon,
C. W. Maloon.

Meredith, N. H., May 5, 1886.

43-3w.

WEIRS TIMES

And Tourists' Gazette

Will commence its fourth season's publication at N. H., on Wednesday, June 23, 1886. copyrighted ap of Lake Winnipesaukee ed in every paper. Price 5 cents a copy, or r the season. M. H. CALVERT & CO., Proprietors.

44-3m

pecial—Inducements

offered by us to good men, to engage in the of a full line of Nursery Stock, either by the th or year, on SALARY or COMMISSION; nses paid by us from the start. We will teach the business. Address with stamp,

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44

W PROCESS. 100 Fine Photos for $2.50 Send best photo of yourself and Postal Note at once. Big pay to agents. Outfit 10 cents. Save this. Art Co., Lyons, Mich.

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The lady or gentleman who will send us the largest number of new yearly cash subscribers to the News between June 1, 1886, and Jan. 1, 1887, we will present with a new and complete

White Sewing Machine

Of the latest pattern, and same style as shown in the cut on our last page. This is a magnificent offer, that costs nothing but a little time and will last for years. Any wishing to compete for the prize must advise us before June 1st, and we will send blank receipts and sample copies.

44 GEO. F. SANBORN.

FOR SALE!

Cheap for cash, or installments, an upright "Guild" Piano. Very fine tone and finish and fully warranted for five years. J. A. LANG.

41-tf

Are You

Waking up to the importance of deep and thorough cultivation of the ground? If so, buy

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Plow, which is warranted to do better work, run lighter and hold easier than any other swivel plow carrying the same work.

A Victor Cultivator for sale.

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37tf

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37

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20-tf C. W. Neal, Agt.

INSURANCE!

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1-in-3-m-25

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Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting a specialty.
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Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms reasonable.

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Meredith, Aug. 20, 1884.

5-tf

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For every animal raised. Crosses well with our natives. Good Cows. Good Workers. Good Beef. **TERMS: $2.00 and $2.50.**

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33 Meredith, N. H.

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A Purifier and Tonic.

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COFFINS & CASKETS.

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43tf

Horsemen Take Notice!

Before having your mares served, do not fail to visit the stable of Sam. Hodgson, and examine the fine qualities of his blooded stallion, "Sam. Thorndale." 2-tf.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible in any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time, or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young or old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing to us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now.

4-21 Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

BOSTON & LOWELL R. R.,

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, Oct. 19, 1885. Subject to change and corrections without notice,

TRAINS SOUTH.

Leave Meredith: Montreal and Boston Night Express, Sunday morning and not Monday morning, 3:54; Accommodation, 8:47 a. m., Mail 1:12 p. m., Accomodation, 5:50 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH.

Arrive at Meredith: Accommodation, (paper train), 8:30 a. m.; Mail, 12:31 p. m.; Plymouth Accom., 4:46 p. m.; Montreal Night Express, 10:55 p. m.

Trains Leave Boston.

Boston & Lowell Passenger Station, Causeway St., for Manchester, Concord, Plymouth and way stations: Mail, 7:30 a. m.; Plymouth Ac. 1:00 p.m; Montreal Night Express, 7:00 p. m.

LUCIUS TUTTLE, Gen. Pass. Agent.
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We refer here to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own state or county, write to

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

What is it?

By a special arrangement with the publishers of *Farm and Fireside*, we can for a short time offer a free gift in connection with our paper. It is a MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING entitled "HAMLET and OPHELIA." Our offer is as follows:

The price of Peck's Sun one year is	$2.00
The price of Farm & Fireside one year is	.50
The value of the Engraving is fully	2.50
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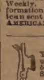

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MEREDITH RETAIL MARKET.

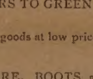
CORRECTED EACH WEEK.

Maple Sugar, per lb.	15
Maple Syrup, per gal.	75 to 1 00
Butter, per lb.	[illegible]
Cheese, per lb	14
Eggs, per doz.	13
Meal, per 100 lbs	1 20
Potatoes, per bush	40 to 50
Onions, per bush	1 00
Shorts, per 100 lbs	1 35
Vinegar, per gal.	17 to 20
Oats, per bush	50
Flour per bbl.	$5 00 to 7 00
Hay, per ton	$20 00
Beans, per bush	$1 50 to $1 80
Poultry, per lb.	10 to 20
Sirloin Roast	14 to 10
Lamb	8 to 18
Turnips, per bush	50
Dried Apples, per lb.	3
Oysters, per qt.	25 a 30
Cod Fish	5 to 8
Cusk	8
Haddock	04

AGENCY.

—AT—

WADLEIGH'S.



Wiggin's Block.

—ALL IN WANT OF—

GROCERIES

—Should call on—

PEASE & TOWLE,

(SUCCESSORS TO GREEN & PEASE,)

Who carry a full line of fresh goods at low prices always in stock. Also,

DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, PAINTS and OILS, ETC.

—‖—

COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

—‖—

Everybody welcome, and the patronage of all our friends solicited.

Frank B. Pease. Fred. W. Towle.

years.

Jointed Rods, All Lengths, Weights, Sizes and Qualities, from 25c. to $5.

20 foot Calcutta Poles, the very best for light weight and strength, 40c.

REELS, BASKETS, BAIT BOXES,
SILK, LINEN AND COTTON LINES,
PATENT BAITS, SPOON HOOKS,
SNELLED HOOKS, &c., &c.

A Full Line of Sporting Goods

Will be added to our stock in due season.

Look Out For Our New Departure,

Which is to occupy the space in our store in a few days.

Geo. F. Sanborn.